

of the Author.

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2 A L L A D S

And some Other

Occasional Poems

By W. L. G. in the Month of May



Printed by J. D. B. in the Month of May

L O M D O N

Printed by J. D. B. in the Month of May

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TO

URANIA.

Madam,

HAVING receiv'd a most generous Present from You, under the Name of *Urania*, I think my self obliged, to take this Opportunity of returning You my *Publick Thanks*.

If I am Approaching a Person, whose great *Quality* ought to have kept me at a Distance, *URANIA* is to answer for my Rudeness; but, be You who you will, if You had known how much I esteem Gratitude above *Sums of Gold*, You would not have robb'd me of the *Glory* of knowing my *Benefactress*, and of publishing her Name to the World.

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I can easily bear the *Fetters* of a *Jay*, but those upon the *Soul* are insupportable, and nothing can be more *barbarous* (pardon the Expression) to a generous *Mind*, than to have the *Heart* fill'd with *Joy*, and *Gratitude*, and, at the same Time, to have a *Pad-Lock* laid upon the *Mouth*.

But, what is still more severe, You put *Shackles* upon the *Imagination*, and, in Your Letter, command me, not so much as to fancy **WHO YOU REALLY ARE**; and by the *Rigour* of that *Injunction*, have depriv'd me of a *Liberty* which would have offer'd me most admirable *Idea's*.

I could, from your *Generosity*, have concluded that You are a *Person* of the first *Rank* and *Quality*: I could have entertain'd my self, with the pleasant Reflection, that there is, *still*, left, amidst the *Corruption* and *Pride* of this *Age*, a *Person*, who adorns the *Coronet*, with the inestimable *Jewels* of *Charity* and *Humility*: I could have charm'd my self with Your *Image* and the firm Belief, that Providence has not sent into this World, so *beautiful* and *generous* a *Soul*, without all the *Ornaments* and *Graces* of *Flesh* and *Blood*. But ----

mu

must not so much as fancy **WHAT YOU
REALLY ARE.**

Indeed, *Madam*, it was a very unlucky
Choice for me, when you pitch'd upon the
Name of *URANIA*; for tho' the *God-
dess* of that Name, be the *Inventress*
of *Astrology* and *Divination*, yet, in Obedi-
ence to her *Namesake's* Command, she will
not suffer the least of her *Stars*, not ev'n,
that *Tatler*, *Mercury*, to inform me *who*
You really are; and, tho' I am very well
assured, the *Planets* would be as proud of
making *You* known, as I would be to hear
it, yet, *You* see, *Your* Orders can reach
the *Daughter of Jove*, and, tho' she be a
Muse too, into the Bargain, yet she dares
not, without *Your* Permission, resolve the
Doubts of an humble and beseeching Poet.

But, without the Help of the *Goddess*,
or her *Stars*, nay, in Defiance to *Your*
more sovereign Commands, I am still at Li-
berty to fancy, what *You really are* not;
and I dare swear *You* are neither *Ugly* nor
Ill-humour'd. I can very easily imagine you
are not really one of those, whose *Generosity*
has any Mixture of *Self-Interest* or *Vain-
Glory*; and, in the next Place, I fancy that
(*Charity*

(Charity being in the best Sense, Your *Por-
tion*, and a Cement to all your other *Vir-
tues*) You are not *one of those*, who stand in
Need of It to hide a Multitude of Faults.

After all, *Madam*, you cannot but allow
me, that it is the hardest Case in the
World, that You have left me no other
Means of guessing what *You really are*, but
by imagining what *You really are not*; and
beside, by concealing Your *Name*, You
have put me under ten Thousand Obliga-
tions, more than You are aware of; for,
whenever I shall meet any one of your Sex,
who excels either in, *Charity*, *Goodness*, *Ge-
nerosity* or *Beauty*, I shall quickly fancy I
have found out *URANIA*; and, by
thanking them for what they know no-
thing of, make some blush, and others so
vain as to assume the *Credit* to themselves;
But, tho' a *hundred*, and a *hundred* may own
it, yet I shall have a shrewd Guess, The
true *URANIA* is not in their Num-
ber, unless I find a *Person*, who *owns* it,
with the same *Graces* of *Modesty* and *Hum-
ility*, with which you conferr'd it.

Ah

Ah! *Madam*, what *Charms* and *Beauties* are there in the Manner of bestowing and owning a Gift? Generosity with Ostentation, is like a violent Shower; it makes, indeed, a great Noise, but it breaks down the Fences of the Fields it should fructify, and, mixing with the Dirt and Filth of the Earth, is hurry'd down into Pools and Ditches; but the silent Dews, which invisibly descend and brood upon the balmy Heads of the Flowers and Fruits of the Earth, modestly withdraw, when discover'd by the Sun, and their Pearls are reclaim'd by the Heavens which sent them.

And certainly, *Madam*, if there be one Jewel, more valuable, more Brilliant, than all the rest, in the Crown of Glory, it is that of an humble and conceal'd Charity!

But, when I am talking of Humility, (for who knows but I am writing to a DUTCHESS?) it behoves me to put a Stop to my Pen, lest while I am commending one Virtue, I oblige You to have Recourse to another, and to arm Your self with That of Patience. And if, *Madam*, fairly, and without blushing, own, my Bosom

Bosom is, just now, boiling with the Op-
posits to those two most excellent Virtues,
I hope you will pardon me; since, if I am
vain, it is because *Urania* has been pleas'd
to favour me, and if I am *impatient*, it is
only, because, **WHAT YOU REALLY**
ARE, must, still, be a Secret to me.

MADAM,

Your Most Humble and

Most Obliged Servant,

W. TUNSTALL

(1)
FROM

W. T. in the MARSHALSEA,

TO

C. W. in NEWGATE.

Tune, *To all ye Ladies.*

I.

FROM Me, Dear Charles, inspir'd with ALE,
To Thee this Letter comes,
To try if Scribling can prevail
To moderate Our Dooms:

Tho' pent in Cage the Black-Bird swings,
Yet still he hops, and struts, and sings.

With a fa, la, la, &c.

II.

Perhaps you'll wonder why I chose,

At this unlucky Time,

To quit the loose and easy Prose,

To tie my Thoughts in Rhime:

For why, you'll say, since we're confin'd,

Should we lay Shackles on the Mind?

With a fa, la, la, &c.

B

III. But

III.

But since, tho' bound, on *Barnet Tits*,
 So lately we astride,
 Thro' hir'd Shouts of wide-mouth'd Cits,
 Without a Rein could ride;
 Sure *Pegasus*, without a Bit,
 To pinion'd Poets may submit.

With a fa, la, la, &c.

IV.

But if the winged Steed should rear,
 And start into a Freak,
 We'll send for jolly Granadeer
 To lead him by the Cheek.
 Then We with Corded Arms may ride,
 And sit, and think, and thump his Side.

With a fa, la, la, &c.

V.

For *Pegasus*, whilst he could soar,
 No Poets ever made,
 He flew *Boetia* o'er and o'er,
 Until he turn'd a Jade;
 His tired Hoof, then spurn'd the Rock,
 And *Helican* pursu'd the Stroke.

With a fa, la, la, &c.

VI.

So, when from *Highgate-Hill* I came,
 In Triumph thro' the Town,

(3)

And jaded Palfrey, dull, and lame,

At *Marshal's* fet me down :

Without the Wings, he had the Heel ;

Thence ! ALE and BEER, and BEER and ALE !

With a fa, la, la, &c.

VII.

Thus, strutting full of heavy Grout,

With Belch and Flegm replete,

I send my *Muse* to find Thee out

At *Newgate*, or the *Fleet* ;

Such Eructations, sure demand

Some speedy Comfort from thy Hand.

With a fa, la, la, &c.

VIII.

For now, *Dear Charles*, (my Freedom gone)

This *Prison* seems my *Wife*,

No Man see to aid my Moan,

Hear nought but Noise and Strife :

For (after all that can be said)

A *Goal's* a Kind of being wed.

With a fa, la, la, &c.

IX.

Now I this Tale, to Thee, have told,

(Sure naught's a greater Curse)

That I this *Goal*, must HAVE and HOLD

For BETTER and for WORSE ;

Judge then, how bravely I shall quit

This Marriage NOOSE for TYBURN TWITT.

With a fa, la, la, &c.

Nay, if * Old Mopsa, who has lost * Wid. H---by.
 Her Love in Battle slain,
 Should beg me from the Three-Leg'd Post,
 To fix me to her Twain.
 So long suspended ! I should stand !
 The Cart would drive—and I be hang'd !

With a fa, la, la, &c.

THE

THE

Preston Prisoners

TO THE

Ladies about Court and Town.

By Way of Comfort,

From C. W. to W. T.

I.

YOU fair ones all at Liberty

We Captive Lovers greet,
Nor slight our Tears and Sighs, 'cause we
Can't lay 'em at your Feet :

The Fault's not ours, and you may guess
We can desire no greater Bliss,

With a fa, la, &c.

II.

What ! tho' pack'd up in Prisons base,
With Bolts and Bars restrain'd,
Think not our Bodies love you less,
Or Souls are more confin'd :

Each

Each was to 'ts utmost Pow'r, your Slave,
Nor Freedom took, but what you gave.

With a fa, la, &c.

III.

Thus doubly Captive, in this Cause
Your prior Title pleads,
The Goal's High-Treason 'gainst your Laws,
And Property invades :
Wherefore, since Prisons are our due,
'Tis just we be lock'd up by you.

With a fa, la, &c.

IV.

From hence to those most blisful Bow'rs,
Left We should miss our Way,
Those Beauties that display'd their Pow'rs
The last Triumphant Day,
As most expert in *Cupid's* Wars,
Shall guide us on like Grenadiers.

With a fa, la, &c.

V.

Thus we'll to the Innocent and Fair,
That shun indecent Sights,
From Purchas'd Shouts and Noisom Air
To Whispers and Delights :
Then all our Pains shall Pleasures prove,
And Pinion'd Arms be Wings of Love.

With a fa, la, &c.

VI. But

(7)
VI.

But if our stubborn Keepers still
Shou'd chain us to our Dens,
In Disobedience to your Will
And sovereign Influence;
Spite of their Shackles, Bolts and Doors,
Our Hears are free and they are yours.

With a fa, la, &c.

VII.

Mean while, within these Walls immur'd,
Think not our Spirit's lost,
The vilest Ale our Goals afford
Is *Nectar* with a Toast:
And if some Winecreep in by Stealth,
It has its Relish from your Health.

With a fa, la, &c.

VIII.

Our tedious Nights and loathsome Days,
With your Remembrance bless'd,
At length may some Compassion raise
Within your tender Breasts:
No Matter what our Juries Find,
We're happy still if you prove Kind.

With a fa, la, &c.

IX.

Nay, shou'd we Victims be design'd
By those that rule the State,
Should Mercy no Admittance find,
To Hearts that should be Great;

What

What Dread can Goals or Gibbets shew
To Men who've died so oft for you.

With a fa, &c.

X.

If Fate must fix th' unworthy Doom,
We'll leave you fresh Supplies,
And from our Ashes, in our Room,
Some Phoenixes shall rise,
Whose Vows will more successful prove
In happier Days to win your Love.

With a fa, la, &c.

FROM

F R O M
W-- T-- to C-- W--

The Second Part. *To the same Tune.*

I.

Whilst *Impotent*, tho' fill'd with Rage,
I grumbling gnaw my Chains ;
Thy happy *Muse*, and youthful *Age*,
Can sport amid'st thy Pains :
Around, round, round, with ringing Rhimes
Thou turn'st thy Wheel to thy own Chimes.
With a fa, la, la, &c.

II.

Amidst the Noise of *Chains* and *Keys*,
Thou can'st of *Cupid* sing ;
The *Warders* their hoarse Bawling cease,
And *Drawers* watch thy String.
So Storms t' *ARION* lent their Ears,
And *Orpheus* play'd midst *Wolfs* and *Bears*.
With a fa, la, &c.

III.

But thy more pow'rful Notes excell,
Whate'er the Poets say,
When *Orpheus* travel'd down to *Hell*
To fiddle his Wife away :
He only freed one Nymph from Pains ;
Thou charm'st a Thousand into Chains.
With a fa, la, &c.

C

Thy

IV.

Thy Flame, amidst cold Walls, survives,
 No Moment's Care neglects,
 And ev'n when thou'rt dead, contrives
 To please the Female Sex :
 Thy unextinguish'd Sparks shall burn,
 And Nymphs possess Thee in thy Urn.

With a fa, la, &c.

V.

Yet, trust me, *Charles*, when thou wast led
 A Captive thro' the Street,
 Those Females only came t' invade,
 And finish thy Defeat :
 Of all their conquering Charms bereft,
 Now glad to plunder what was left.

With a fa, la, &c.

VI.

Despis'd by Court and City Beaus
 To see our Shew they came,
 Amongst a few defenceless Foes,
 To play an after Game ;
 From Golden Chains, and Garter'd Lords,
 To find a Slave amidst our Cords.

With a fa, &c.

VII.

Young *Flora* Warmth creates in Thee
 When Beams around her play ;
 But *She* is coldest still to *Me*,
 When most serene and gay ;
 And thus the brightest Skies beget
 In Winter Cold, in Summer Heat.

With a fa, &c.

VIII.

Let *Bruma* her old Opticks rub,
 To shew her vain Desire,

And

((III))

And, artful, like *Winstanly's* Tub,
At once spout *Rain* and *Fire* :
I neither will submit my *Years*,
To *Flora's* Smiles, nor *Bruma's* Tears.
With a *fa, la, &c.*

IX.

With *hoary Age* all fenc'd around,
Secure intrench'd I lie,
And *Sixty Years* still staunch are found
'Gainst *Love's* Artillery ;
And thus encamp'd, like *Northern Hosts*,
I safely rest in *Snows* and *Frosts*.
With a *fa, la, &c.*

X.

Thus jolly *Thames*, that us'd to bear
Upon his Curled Breast,
The charming Burthens of the *Fair*,
Who seldom gave him rest ;
Now, indolent, and free from *Vice*,
Sleeps, undisturb'd, in his own *Ice*.
With a *fa, la, &c.*

XI.

Then, since to *Mars* I'm captive made,
From *Cupid* I'll be free ;
I will not, by my Strugglings, add
To my Captivity ;
Nor groan beneath the tripple *Ties*,
Of *Age*, and *Chains*, and *Womens Eyes*.
With a *fa, la, &c.*

XII.

In *Mars's* Wars, who'er is rang'd,
Some Mercy may may obtain,
To conquer, or to be exchang'd,
It in the *Battle* ta'en ;
But *Love's* a *Foe*, so fierce, so fall,
The *Tyrant* fights without *Cartell*.
TO

*To Mr. Tunstall and his Friends
in the Marshalsea.*

I.
TO thee, Dear *Tunstall*, tho' unknown,
An artless *Muse* applies,
Who is, since thy Misfortunes, grown
As useless as her Eyes,
Whose *Tears* upon these *Lines* distil,
They drown my *Verse*, and flag my *Quill*.
With a fa, la, &c.

II.
How many *Lovers* have I lost,
With Thoughts of thy Distress,
My *Colour's* chang'd, my *Arms* are cross'd
Neglected is my *Dress*;
A sable *Hood* my *Visage* shades,
Which us'd to sparkle in these *Glades*.
With a fa, &c.

III.
No More my *Fingers* touch the *Strings*,
As they were wont to do,
My *Heart* is sunk, and sadly sings,
As if a *Pris'ner* too;
The *Play*, the *Court*, the *Park* the *Ring*
No Aids afford, no Comfort bring.
With a fa, &c.

IV.
My *Lyre*, upon the *Willow* hung,
Will sound alas! no more;
Dead to the Livelyer *Airs* I sung,
In happier *Days* before;
Nor

Nor will it e'er renew its *Strain*,
Whilst bound in Shackles you remain.

With a fa, la, &c.

V.

But, 'midst the Grief, my Soul sustains,

It is a sweet Allay,

To see thy *Spirits*, press'd with *Chains*,

So unconcern'd and gay :

The God of *Wit* to thee repairs,

And sweetly Chants to Lull thy *Cares*.

With a fa, &c.

VI.

He makes the gloomy *Prison* bright,

And sings thee to Repose;

He sooths the Horrors of the *Night*,

And softens all thy Woes :

The *FREE*, with envying Eyes look on,

And, thus to *Sing*, would be *undone*.

With a, fa, &c.

VII.

If *ALL* such Notions can produce,

Which is a muddy *Stream*,

What would the brisk enliv'ning *Juice*,

And some diviner *Theme*?

Such Strains from *TUNSTALL* then would run;

Which *POPE*, or *ADDISON* might own.

With a fa, &c.

VIII.

What e'er the *Poets* may report,

'Tis in the *MARSHALLS*,

The willing *Muses* keep their *Court*,

In Complaisance to *Thee* :

They quit *Parnassus* for thy *Cell*,

And sure, I think they've chosen well.

With a fa, la, &c.

IX. Their

IX.

Their *Horse*, without a *Bit* or *Reign*

Submit to thy *Command*:

Aloft he soars, then skims the *Plain*,

Obedient to thy *Hand*:

Oh! would the *Steed* my *Verse* obey,

His *Wings* would *Tunstall* bear away.

With a fa, la, &c.

X.

Then, *Incense* should his *Nostrils* fill

With *Clouds* of *Grateful Fume*,

Thy *Numbers* should be his *Regale*,

And *C L I O* be his *Groom*;

His *Manger* should of *Gold* be made,

And all the *Floor* with *Diamonds* laid.

With a fa, la, &c.

W. T. to Fair C L I O;

Who, the first Time he had the Honour to see Her, sent
a Ballad of Her own Composing, in Compliment
One He had Writ before.

To the Tune of, To all ye Ladies, &c.

I.

AH! *Clio*, had thy distant *Lays*

Attack'd my weakest *Side*

And thou had only *Writ* to raise

An empty *Poet's Pride*;

With merry *Glee*, then, all *Day long*,

Thy *Wit* and *Verse* had been my *Song*.

II. II.

ut, to the *Lines*, which thou had writ,
It was a cruel Choice,
To add new *Force*, and *Grace* thy *Wit*
With *Beauty* and with *Voice*.
it only *points*, but *Lips* and *Eyes*
gather the *Darts* and make them fly.

III. III.

thou should'st thy *dawning Muse* have sent,
Fore-runner to thy *Sun*,
and not have spread the *Firmament*
At once with *Height* of *Noon*;
to banish *Darkness*, it was kind,
ut, cruel, thus to strike me blind.

IV. IV.

hy *Arrows*, from a random Hand,
Might chance to miss their *Aim*;
ut when you take so near a *Stand*,
They cannot fail to maim:
or what *Amazement* must it bring,
to see thee *Look*, and hear thee *Sing*?

V. V.

hen kindl'd *Skies* their *Lightnings* broach,
At *Distance*, first, they appear,
to warn us of their fierce *Approach*,
And for the *Storm* prepare;
ut *Flashes*, unexpected, fright,
they melt the *Soul*, and pierce the *Sight*.

VI. VI.

at you, *fair Nymph*, no *Time* allow,
At once you'our *Fate* proclaim,
and whilst your *Beauty* makes us glow,
Your *Voice* inspires the *Flame*:
ut when the *Muse* assumes her *Part*,
hat *Engines* can insure the *Heart*?

VII.

VII.

The *Delphick* God, by Female Tongues,
His Oracles declar'd,
Thro' horrid Looks, from untun'd Lungs,
The Fate of Crowns was heard ;
But the whole God in you does meet,
His *Youth*, his *Musick* and his *Wit*.

VIII.

Had *Sappho*, thus, to *Phaon* writ,
She had escap'd the *Wave* ;
The *Youth* had been, by Force of Wit,
Compell'd the *Nymph* to save ;
But *Sappho* met her Destiny,
'Cause *Sappho* could not write like *Thee*.

IX.

Like *Thee*, had *Eccho* tun'd her Voice
 Narcissus to invoke,
The *Self-lov'd* *Youth* had fix'd his Choice,
Nor doom'd her to a *Rock* :
Thus both a better Fate had found ;
She had not *Pin'd*, nor *He* been *Drown'd*.

X.

But, whate'er Fate to me belongs,
This Comfort I shall have,
To be recorded in thy *Songs*,
And triumph in the *Grave* :
Who falls a *Victim* to thy Eyes,
Is, by thy *Verses*, sure to rise.

XI.

Thy fragrant *Lines* salute the Sky,
Like an *Arabian* Nest,
And, like an aged *Phoenix*, I
Embalm'd on Spices rest,
Thus, whilst amidst thy *Flames*, I burn,
I rise immortal from the *Urn*.

CLIO's Answer.

I.

ECHO her ravish'd Ear inclines
To thy transporting Song,
For *Thee*, and for thy charming *Lines*,
She wishes to be young.

Narcissus shou'd not be her *Choice*,
She'd leave his Beauty for thy *Voice*.

II.

Of all the *Muses* she has known,
She votes to them the *Bayes*,
Whose *Pipe* is sweeter than her own,
When she the *Sighs* conveys
Of ev'n tuneful *Waller's* Heart,
And thrills 'em out with all her Art.

III.

Inrag'd she snatches, from my Tongue,
The half repeated Sound,
And greedily does it prolong
To all the Valleys round;
Grown fonder now of *Tunstall's* Name,
Than any other Son of Fame.

IV.

Ah, if a *Shadow jealous* grows,
And envies me thy Praise,
What Feuds amongst my fairer Foes
Will humble *Clio* raise;
They'll wonder where this *Clio* shines,
Made so immortal by thy Lines.

Surpris'd to find the Sun-burnt Maid,
 Thy Praises renders vain,
 Stretch'd underneath a lonely Shade,
 So unpolite and plain ;
 They'll see thy fine *Idea's* rise
 From thy own *Wit*, not *CLIO's Eyes*.

VI.

What sprightly *Fancy* does appear
 In every beautiful Thought,
 The *Lover* and the *Poet* here
 So gracefully are brought ;
 How dull is *she* that does not choose
 A *Lover*, with so soft a *Muse*.

VII.

'Tis by Satyrick *Poets* told
 The mercenary Heart,
 Unless they dip the *Point* in *Gold*,
 Repels the *bass'd Dart* ;
 But *he*, who will succeed with *mine*,
 Must woe with *Verse*, instead of *Coin*.

VIII.

Had *Phæbus* charm'd his flying Fair,
 Oh *Tunstall*, with thy Art,
 Her Soul had softned at his Prayer,
 If made like *Clio's Heart* ;
 Were I transform'd into a Tree,
 My list'ning *Boughs* wou'd dance to *Thee*.

IX.

If *Ovid* thus had tun'd his *Lyre*,
 His *Cæsar* had been kind ;
Thine will a gentler Fate inspire,
 If *Cæsar's* of my Mind.
 If *Ovid* could have sung like thee,
 A *Song* had bought his Liberty.

X.

Repos'd upon the *Muses* Breast
 The Happy *Tunstall* lies:
 Thus *Philomela* builds her *Nest*
 Remote from vulgar Eyes,
 Till she reveals, by her sweet *Voice*,
 The Favourite *Bough* she makes her *Choice*.

XI.

Beyond the Reach of *Power*, or *Chance*,
 Thy *Numbers* will survive;
 Thy *Chains*, thence, Merit will advance,
 And keep thy *Fame* alive;
 At worst, but half of *thee* can fall,
 Thy *Versè* can never die at all.

XII.

Ah *Tunstall* ! if the Heavenly Quire
 Does thy Assistance want,
 To raise th' Angelick *Chorus* higher,
 And *thou* art made a Saint,
 Thy Wit a Legacy bestow,
 That I may sing thy Name below.

XIII.

Thy noble Gift shall be repay'd,
 With *Interest*, at thy Tomb;
 My flowing *Tears* and *Versè* I'll shed,
 To keep thy *Bayes* in Bloom;
 Thy *Muse* a Loadstone then may be,
 And raise my flagging *SOUL* to *Thee*.

Upon My being put in CHAINS.

I.

Cease, cease, ye *Libertines*, my Feet,
And give your Ramblings, o'er;
Advance, your welcome *Chains* to meet,
And *Fortune's* LOT adore.

II.

That *Span* of *Life*, which now remains,
TUNSTALL, what is't to thee?
Since all the World is bound in *Chains*,
Why should thy *Legs* go Free?

III.

What Mortal does not *Kings* bemoan?
Alas! *they* all are *Slaves*,
Chain'd to the *Burthen* of a *Crown*,
And clogg'd with fawning *Knaves*.

IV.

So the brave *Falcon*, perch'd on high,
In broider'd *Hood* excels,
But he has pawn'd his *Liberty*
For *Varvels*, *Jesses*, *Bells*.

V.

Rais'd up by Popular Applause
See, there, a *Statesman* rise,
And, whilst the *Gale* of Favour blows,
Aloft he mounts the *Skies*.

VI.

The Mob, at Distance, upwards stares,
Admires the Airy Thing;
Yet still he's chain'd, and, tho' he soars,
Blind *Fortune* holds the String.

VII.

VII.

So Paper *Kites*, Surprize extort,
But when you' approach the *Toys*,
You only find they are the Sport
Of Gaping Fools and Boys.

VIII.

The plumed Spark, in *Scarlet Dye*,
Sweats thro' a long Campaign,
And, tho' his *Honour* seems the *Tye*,
His *Pay*'s the powerful *Chain*.

IX.

Pomp, Modes, Formalities and Pride,
To Courtiers Chains afford,
And a thousand other Bonds, beside
The sacred *Tye* his WORD.

X.

The Gown is fetter'd to the Fee,
The Cassock to the Glebe;
That gives a Lustre to the Plea,
This makes the Text run Glib.

XI.

See, there, a self conceited Tool,
Puff'd up with *Pride* and *Pelf*;
He, he, of all's the greatest Fool,
He's fetter'd to HIMSELF.

XII.

The gawdy Beaus, in rich Brocade,
The dusty Ring approach,
But are more harnes'd to their *Pride*,
Than their *Horses* to the Coach.

XIII.

Cloe, with Dress, and painted Looks,
Enchains her senseless Prigg,
Whilst He, again, binds her in Locks
Of his resistless Wigg.

XIV. Thus

XIV.

Thus ev'ry *Thing* is bound, we find,
 But, such is *Vice's* Growth !
 That ev'ry *Thing* has Power to bind,
 Except a solemn OATH.

XV.

But, of all *Chains*, deliver me
 From *Wedlock's* Bondage safe ;
 I can, 'midst *Iron Links*, be free,
 And Sit — and Sing — and Laugh.

XVI.

For who wou'd swap the heaviest *Clink*
 For some Mens HAVE and HOLD ;
 It is the Devil to be *Link'd*
 To a *Jealous, Drunken SCOLD*.

*The Duel betwixt a Master of the
 Lute and a Nightingal.*

Translated from the Latin of Strada.

THE *Sun* was, now, declining to the Sea,
 And, from his Orb, diffus'd a milder Ray,
 When, near to *Tyber*, in a shady *Wood*,
 With well-tun'd *Lute*, a skilful *Minstrell* stood ;
 Both *Wood*, and *Lute* their proper Aids did lend,
 To cool the *Season*, and his *Cares* unbend.

This

This, at a Distance, *Phiolomela* heard,
 And, jealous, from the neighbouring I hicks repair'd.
 The sweet Inhabitants of lonely Glades!
 The *Mistress Muse*, and *Siren* of the Shades!
 Perch'd on a Bow, which o'er the *Master* hung,
 She list'ning sat, and, as *he* play'd, *she* sung,
 Each *Strain* she catch'd, and sent the improved *Note*
 Back to his *Fingers*, from her warbling *Throat*.

Quickly the Man perceiv'd the Rival Bird,
 Awak'd his Lute, and for the War prepar'd;
 With nimble Fingers o'er the *Strings* he ran,
 And the sweet *Prelude* to the *Fight* began.

She took the *Hint*, and from her emulous *Tongue*
 A thousand pointed Notes, at Random, flung;
 The pleasant Skirmish to the future Song.

The *Minstrell*, then, his scornful *Lute* provok'd,
 And trembling *Strings* the first *Engagement* spoke.
 Now careless *Vollies* from his *Fingers* go,
 As if he scorn'd the little *Silvan Foe*.
 Sometimes his Hand, with nimble Wandrings, strays,
 And gives the Measure to the various Lays;
 Then gravely pauseth, and, without *Rebound*,
 Spins out a long invariable *Sound*;
 Then quick again, the brisk *ALEGROES* rise,
 From *this*, to *that*, from *that*, to *this*, he flies.
 Then, *suddain*, stops——

——— Here *she* resumes her *Part*,
 Each *Note* returns, and answers *Art*, with *Art*.
 Then streight (as if unskill'd, or else in doubt,
 Willing to Sing, but fearing to be out)

She

She seems to hover, and suspend her Skill,
 And gives no Motion to the wid'n'd Bill;
 The *Tune*, with equal *Tenor*, glides along,
 And takes no *Volums* from the roling *Tongue*,
 But sweetly *flow*, she modulates her *Throat*,
 And *skims* the Surface of an *uncurl'd* Note.
 Then, *quick*, she starts into the swift *VIVACE*,
 Cuts ev'ry Measure with a skilful *Grace*;
 Her Voice she raiseth, musically *Shrill*,
 And gives the *Quaver* with her warbling *Bill*.
 Then, silent, sits——

He stood astonish'd, and a while forgot
 His silent Lute, to' admire how such a Note
 Could flow, in Consort, from so small a Throat.

Again, his founding *Instrument* he took,
 And, with a bolder *Hand*, his *Lesson* struck:
 To ev'ry *String* an artful Sweetness lends,
 And *Flats* and *Sharps*, reciprocally blends;
 The high strung *Trebles* send their *Strains* aloft,
 Then sink again, melodiously soft.
 At last the *BASE*, Majestically *slow*,
 Does, to the *Chorus*, with stern *Numbers* go;
 The lab'ring *Arm*, then, *works* the groaning *Lyre*,
 And *graver* Accents drown the *tatling Wyre*.
 Then, ev'ry where, a buisy *Hand* he flings,
 And jumbles all the *Musick* of the *Strings*,
 Gives them the *Clangor* of the *Martial Jar*,
 When the loud *Trumpets* sound th' *Alarm* to *War*.

This too she did—— and, on her liquid *Tongue*,
 Melted each *Note*, and mollify'd the *Song*:
 Now, mounting, She, to a higher *Pitch*, aspires,
 Vies with the *Sharpness* of the smaller *Wyses*.

The

Then, from aloft, by sweet Descents she calls,
Her soaring *Voice* and *Eccho's*, as she falls;
The sinking *Measure* almost seems to die,
And draws *Attention* into *Extasy*.

Then, feign'dly hoars, she' attacks the harsher,
Base;
Deep gutt'ral *Murmurs* from her *Bosom* pass,
And mock the Roughness of the *Martial Brass*;
Then boldly *shrill*, the louder *Notes* are swell'd,
As if she give the *Signal* to the *Field*.

The Master blush'd, and swoln with Shame and
Pride;
Thou little, vain, pretending *Bird*, he cry'd,
I'll either strike thy' ambitious *Tattlings* mute,
Or yield the *Honours* of my broken *Lute*.

Then o'er the *Cords*, with angry *Hand* he bounds,
And urgeth all the' inimitable *Sounds*:
From *String* to *String* the dancing *Notes* he sends,
Then, quick as *Fancy*, altogether blends;
The *Soft*, the *Harsh*, the *Quick*, the *Flat*, the *Sweet*,
In the grand *Symphony* together meet;
And, from *one Instrument's* resounding *Wyre*,
He *mimick'd* all the *Consorts* of a *Choir*.

This done, he stands, expecting what *Reply*
The *Rival* offer'd to his *Harmony*.
She (loath to yield) tho' with contending *Hoarse*,
Breathing for *Conquest*, rally'd all her *Force*;
Call'd all her *Lungs* into her panting *Throat*,
And *heav'd*—and *jab'd*—and *labour'd* for a *Note*,
Alas in vain! for whil't she strove to run
Thro' all the *Mazes* of the wildering *Tune*,

The E Loft

Loft in the Chace, her genuine *Voice* declin'd
 The bold Pursuit, and, fainting, lagg'd behind;
 Yet *still* she *strove*—— But from her gasping *Bill*
 Imperfect *Notes*, and broken *Accents* fell.
 That sweetest *Magazine* of *Tunes*, her Breast,
 With *Shame* confounded, and with *Anger* press'd,
 Yielding to *Sorrows*, and th' unequal *Strife*,
 Breath'd out its *last*, and with its *last*, her *Life*:
 She fell—— And, as she fell—— still murmur'd out
 Melodious *Groans*, and sunk upon the *Lute*:
 There, stretch'd at Length, the *little Carcass* lay,
 But a kind *Sigh* had bore her *Soul* away.

Fit, that the lifeless Animal should have
 (Who liv'd so sweetly) dead, so sweet a Grave.

So! does *Ambition* ev'ry where abound!
 When the *wild Passion* is, in such small Bosoms,
 found.

To the Reverend Mr. H----ck, upon
 his *Pindarick Poem*, call'd

The SUBMARINE VOYAGE.

I.

Long I, in Darkness, by false *Meteors* led,
 Blindly pursu'd a *Muse*, that from me fled;
 Follow'd the steep impracticable Road,
 Where *Shakespear*, and great *Ben*, before me trod.

Yet

Yet now, dear Friend, in vain I find,
 I did th' infatuating *Fire* pursue,
 The *Nymph* still fled, was still unkind,
 And *Me*, thro' *Mists*, and *Labrinths* drew.
 Without Improvement, still, I wander'd on,
 O'er *Denham's Sucklings*, *Milton's Poems* run,
 And, vainly, thought my self well blest,
 When I, a while, in *Waller's Shades* could rest,
 And at his *Chrystal Fountain* quench my Thirst;
 Or stretch my self along that *Current's Side*
 Which thro' the flowry *Meads of Cowley's Odes*
 does glide.

Cowley! who, first, some faint *Discov'ries* made,
 Of *Pindar's* unknown *Shore*,
 Who first did with *Anacreon* trade,
 And came Home loaden with *Wit's* sparkling *Ore*.
 But you, a more adventurous *Course* have taken,
 HE dabb'd in the *Sholes of Wit*, YOU launch into
 the *Main*.

II.

Thou hidden *Knowledge* from the *Ocean* takes,
 As *Albemar!*, redeem'd the golden *Wretks*:
 He only rescu'd what before was known,
 And render'd to the *British Isle* her own:

But thy rich *Fancy* does explore,
 The secret *Wealth of Neptune's Shore*.
 Boldly surveys the briny *Gods Estates*,
 And, where thou do'st not find, creates,
 Such *Tides* of *Thought*, in ev'ry *Line*, we find,
 So strong! and yet so calm they go,
 So smoothly *Ebb*, so gently *flow*,
 They please the *Senses*, and delight the *Mind*.

In ev'ry *Line*, thy *Genius* is exprest,
 In ev'ry Word is found a lively *Taste*,
 Both of the *Poet*, and the *Priest*.
 Thou, in thy swift Poetick Flight,
 Do'st, sometimes soar to such a Height,
 Sometimes do'st not disdain,
 To Dive into the *Main*;
 And, whilst thy *Muse* does both the *Gods* survey,
 The *Thunderer's* Heav'ns, and thy *Nepune's* Sea,
 Thy *Odes* may properly, be stil'd divine,
 Which both *Celestial* are, and *Submarine*.

III.

Lend me, O Lend, thy tuneful *Lyre*
 Or tell what *Muse* thy *Fancy* did inspire
 That I due Honours may proclaim;
 And, whilst thy Praises, I make known,
 May propagate my own,
 And grow Immortal in the Mouth of *Fame*.

Lend me, O Lend thy *Quill*,
 Or pardon if, against thy Will,
 I boldly do intrude
 Amongst the num'rous Multitude
 Who take th' Advantage of thy *PRESS*,
 Into Futurity to pass.
 In pompous Dress, *Thou* walks before in State,
 And takes thy Station in *Apollo's* Court,
 Whilst we, th' inspir'd of the *Lower Sort*,
 Are glad to pay Attendance at the Gate.

IV.

Thy *Dolphin* ever shall abide,
 And I, on his officious *Back*,
 Thro' the vast Floods of *Time* shall break,

Steddy

Steddy shall o'er *Oblivion* ride
 And stem the Current of her raging *Tide*.
 The fam'd *Orion* had been lost,
 And perish'd in the *Watry Brine*,
 Had not some *Dolphin*, kind like thine,
 Convey'd him to the Coast.
 Oh! were my Numbers, like *Orion's*, smooth!
 With charming Notes the *Tritons* Rage I'd sooth;
 I'd make the roling *Waves* advance,
 And, at my tuneful *Lire*,
 Suspend the Roarings of their Ire,
 And round about thee dance.
 Then, chearful, we, thro' Sea-green *Paths*, would
 creep,
 And sound the Secrets of the *Deep*;
 To *Neptune's Palace* would resort,
 View all his *Riches*, all his *Store*,
 His *Pearls*, his *Gems*, and golden *Ore*,
 And wanton with his beauteous *Nymphs* at Court.

V.

Friendship, and *Love*! what would you do,
 Whither my willing *Fancy* drive?
 In vain you urge, in vain you strive,
 In vain our *Poets* Praise pursue,
 So big it looks, is plac'd so high,
 No human *Art* Access can find;
 No *Quill* can to its Distance fly,
 And Language lags behind.
 And yet, if I, like *Dedalus* could soar,
 Like him, the *Cave*, and *Chains* could quit,
 Which clog my *Fancy*, and depress my *Wit*,
 I'd cut the yielding Regions of the Air,

And

And o'er thy *Islands*, o'er thy *Ocean* steer.
 And tho'; perchance, in my *Pindarick* Flight,
 Raised to a *vain* ambitious Height,
 The Fate of *Icarus* should prove my Doom,
 And angry *Phæbus* melt my *waxen* Plume;
 Yet *mine* a much more glorious Lot would be,
 Whilst, gently, I should drop into thy *Sea*;
 Nor give the conscious *Flood* a *Name*, but take my
 Name from *THEE*.

To *W*---- *T*----

Upon his Cyprian to Donatus.

By an unknown Hand.

THE Skill in *Latin*, and the Use of *Schools*
 Is still deny'd to us poor *Female* Fools;
 The *Men*, forsooth, compassionately kind,
 Pretend it is, in *Favour* of the Mind.
 Alas! poor Woman! her effeminate *Brain*
 Cannot the *Burthen* of the *Schools* sustain!
 The *Tree* of *Knowledge*, and its noble *Fruit*,
 With her insipid *Palate* would not sute.

Our *Tyrants*, hitherto, no Means have try'd,
 Unless to feed our *Vanities* and *Pride*:
 A thousand Ways to indulge our *Sense* they find,
 But never studdy to improve the *Mind*.

Whilst

Whilst, damn'd to *Follies*, we must still be vain,
T' advance the *Customs* and the Merchant's *Gain*.

I still imagin'd, and I now descry,
There was conceal'd some hidden *Mystery*,
Fenc'd from the Searches of a *Woman's Eye*;
But *TUNSTALL*, bravely, does our *Cause* maintain,
Has broke the *Orchard*, and the *DRAGON* slain:
He kindly has presented to our *Honds*,
Fruits only known t' a stedious *Few* in *Bands*;
The golden *Apples*, now salute our *View*,
And, to our *Reach*, he bends the loaded *Bow*.
He has disclos'd, great *Cyprian's* hidden *Mine*;
The *MARTYR*, now, in *English Dress* does shine,
And we have have *Liberty* to touch the *SHRINE*.

The following *Eight Lines* were writ by an
unknown *Lady*, on the blank *Lens* before
Cyprian.

SO well perform'd! and by a *Fetter'd Hand*!
What does not this excell'ing *Work* demand;
Whilst *Piety*, and *Pity*, warmly sue,
For *Him*, who gives this *Poem* to your *View*.

The *Lady's Friend*! who, in an *English Dress*,
Reveals, what else they never could possess:
Then let the *Fair* indulge the *Muse* in *Bonds*,
And *Benefits* flow double from their *Hands*.

To the Honourable
 Sir *Thomas Parkyns*, Bart.
 Of *Bunny*, in the County of *Nottingham*,
 Upon his Book of WRESTLING.

WHEN great *Alcides* had surpass'd his *Toils*,
 With *Conquest* sated, and *Augean* Spoils,
 A pious *Gratitude*, his Soul did move,
 To consecrate *Olympian* Games to *Jove*.
 From *Pisa*, then, and warlike *Sparta's* Plain,
 The *Grecian* Chiefs advanc'd the *Palm* to gain,
 And, whilst the *Annals* of *Olympia* live,
Chorabus shall, in lasting *Fame* survive.
Theron and *Chromius*, shall for ever shine,
 In *Pindar's* Song, and *Cowley's* tuneful Line.
 But, active *Chromius*, nor young *Theron's* Name,
 Shall be intitl'd to a surer *Fame*,
 Then *thine*, (O *PARKYNS*!) could I reach that
 Height,
 To sing, like *Pindar*, or, like *Cowley*, write:
 But thy own *Pen*, Time's vain Attempts will mock,
 Whilst eager *Youths*, in future Days, shall look,
 Not on my *Verse*, but thy *Gymnastick* Book.

When first the bold *Paneraticks* did engage,
 And *Greece* encourag'd the *Olympian* Stage;

The use of *Wrestling*, was a clumsy Sport,
 An artless Combat, and a rude Effort;
 Till *Theseus*, (that brave Demi-God!) at length,
 Nature improv'd, and added *Art* to *Strength*.

Then was the *Prize* attended with *Renown*,
 And *Palms* and *Laurel* did the *Victors* Crown;
 Immortal *Heroes* to the *List* descend,
 And *Gods*, themselves, for *Victory* contend.
 Thus, when *Alcides*, for a *Foe* did call,
 And urg'd the trembling *Crowd* to try a *Ball*,
 His *Sire*, great *Jove*, (for so the *Poets* sing)
 In human *Shape*, descended to the *Ring*;
 A jolly *Bulk*! around the *Sand* he trod,
 And brawny *Flesh* conceal'd the nervous *God*.

Long did the *Strife*, with equal *Chance* abide,
 And undecided, till *Jove* lay aside
 The borrow'd *Shape*, which had the *God* bely'd,

Then the bold *Champion* (who had overthrown)
 The huge *Anteus* (Earth's Gygantic Son!)
 Submitted to the *Author* of his *Birth*:
 O! harder 'tis to grasp with *Heav'n* and *Earth*!

The conquering *God* bore off th' immortal *Palm*,
 And, ever since retain'd the * *Wrestler's* Name.

Thus, Sir, you see, the *Gods* assume a *Part*,
 And *Glory* in the *Trophies* of your *Art*;
 And as *Alpheus*, once, heheld his *Greece*.
 Abound in *Sports*, and useful *Arts* of *Peace*,
 So may our *Thames* behold her *Chiefs* renew,
 Their wonted *Vigour*, when thus taught by *You*.

F

And

* *Palaisfin*.

And Since great ANNA had her *Monsters* too,
 Her *Hydras*, and her *Centaurs* to subdue,
 Let Yearly *Wrestlings*, sacred to her Name,
 The *Toils* and *Labours* of her *Reign* proclaim.

Then vig'rous *Youths* will exercise the *Field*,
 And fam'd *Olympia* to thy *BUNNY* yield:
 Then new *Epocha's*, from thy *Sports* shall rise,
 And future *Years* be reckon'd from thy *Prize*,
 And *Men* shall question where the *Date* to Place,
 To thy new *Annals*, or to ANNA's *Peace*.

Then shall an *Active*, *Brave*, *Heroick* Breed,
 To this effœminated *Race* succeed;
 The limber *Minuet*, and fantastick *Shrugg*,
 Shall yield the *Honour* to thy *Cornish-Hugg*.
 Then cheated *Damsels* shall no more embrace,
 The feeble *Off-spring* of a *Pocky Race*;
 But quit their *Bulkies*, and discard their *Beaus*,
 And, from thy *Ring*, their *Lusty Husbands* choose.

With *Men*, like *these*, our *Edward* waged *War*,
 With *these*, he won at *Cressy*, and *Poictier*,
 With *these*, his *Queen* march'd to the dusty *Field*;
 And made the stubborn *Scottish David* yield:
 And whilst the *Monarch* did his *Captive* bring,
 And thro' vast *Crowds* convey'd the *Gallick King*,
 His brave *Philippa*, to compleat the *Truce*,
 Rode, in the *Triumph*, with her conquer'd *Bruce*.

Thus, were our *Britains*, in the *Days* of *Old*,
 By *Sports* made hardy, and by *Actions* bold,
 And were they, *now*, inur'd to *Exercise*,
 And all their *Struglings* were for *Virtue's Prize*,

Man,

Man against *Man*, would not for *Pow'r* contend;
 No *Lust* of *Wealth* would *Hug* a private *End*,
 Nor *Each* would *Wrestle* to supplant his *Friend*.

CLIO to W. T.

UPON HIS

St. CYPRIAN.

I Blush to think, I've *Youth* and *Liberty*,
 Yet lag below, and cannot soar with *Thee*.
 What does retard my *Flight*, O *Tunstall*, say,
 My *Wishes* stretch their *Wings* to fly away,
 But my dull *Fancy* bids their *Pinions* stay?
 Attach'd to *Earth*, my *Muse* declines thy *Height*,
 Creeps here below, unequal to the *Flight*.
 Thus little *Birds* from *Grove* to *Grove*, can fly,
 And cheer the *Thickets* with their *Melody*,
 But, with *Disdain*, the soaring *Eagle* view,
 And strive, in vain, his *Tow'ring* to pursue.
 Is it because thy brighter *Soul* is near
 The last great *Flight*, and for the long *Career*,
 Gathers its *Beams*, and now is doubly clear;
 Refines, and *Sparkles*, as it nearer goes,
 To the bright *Parent*, whence its *Lustre* rose.
 How should I, then, oppose my weaker *Rays*,
 To the strong *Light* of thy continu'd *Blazes*.

As well the *Lame*, may with the *Barb* contend,
 As I, with *Thee*, the Height of Verse ascend.
 Nor *Art*, nor *Learning* does Assistance bring,
Wild are my *Numbers*, and untun'd I sing,
 Whilst I address the Master of the String.

Oh, were my Verses of thy Fame secure,
 What is it *Tunstall* *Clio* wou'd endure?
 Ev'n *Age*, and *Fetters*, and thy long *Restraint*
 My tender *Limbs* would bear without Complaint.
Wit is not like our transitory *Friends*,
 It seeks the *Prison*, and the *Grave* attends.
 It lays up for us an eternal *Fame*,
 The *Poet* lives, when e'er we read his *Name*;
 For tho' the *Body* moulders into *Clay*,
 The *Soul* does, still, in living *Numbers* stay;
 Or else, what is that mighty *Pow'r* we find
 Does so affect the *Readers* yielding *Mind*?
 The Force of *Words* how often have I found,
 How oft' turn'd *Pale*, and trembl'd at the *Sound*?
 Thro' ev'ry *Vein*, th' enchanting *Spirits* go,
 By *Turns* we shiver, and by *Turns* we glow,
 And listning *Passions* either sink or rise,
 Just as the *Poet* and his *Numbers* please.
 Such, *Tunstall*, o'er my *Soul*, is thy *Command*;
 So fine the *Point*, so masterly the *Hand*!
 The *Sense* so nervous, and so rich the *Thought*!
 Easy it fits, and yet with *Labour* wrought!
 So have I seen some *Robe* by *KNELLER'S Art*,
 Hang loosely o'er, yet fitting ev'ry *Part*;
 The careless *Folds*, no painful *Strokes* reveal,
 As if the *Pencil* would the *Hand* conceal,
 And give to *Chance*, what was the *Painter's Skill*.

 JOVE's *Wedding-Day*.

To Mr. Withers, to beg Leave for his
Scholars to play upon Mr--s *Wedding-Day*.

TWAS on his *Wedding-Day*, when all
The Gods appear'd in *Jove's* great Hall:
With equal Speed, and Joy, they prest
To celebrate the *Nuptial Feast*.

SATURNUS, (pleas'd with th' Honours done
To the great *Goddess*, and his *Son*)
Bid *Ganymid* fill round the *Bowl*,
Rich *Nectar* round the Board did rowl,
And *Jove* and *Juno* rung from Pole to Pole.

At last the Gods became as merry,
As *Mortals* are with *Punch* and *Sherry*.
Appollo with his *Harp* advanc'd,
And all the *Stars* around them danc'd.
Jove threw his needless *Bolts* away,
And *Neptune's Trident* near them lay.
Lame *Vulcan* bid his *Hammers* cease;
And *Mars*, himself, declar'd for *Peace*.
Juno's Peacocks laid aside
Their empty *Vanities* and *Pride*;
And *Jove's* fierce *Bird*, t' exprets his *Love*,
E's at pearch'd, and bill'd, with *Venus's Dove*.

But

But *Jove* (se'ing ne'er a *Cupid* there)
 Ask'd *Venus* where the *Wantons* were.
 The *Queen* of *Love* to *Jove* replies,
 They're busy at their *Exercise*.

Some learning how to throw a *Dart*,
 And dextrously to hit a *Heart*.
 Others are taught to ride, and skip,
 To mount an *Eye*, or sit a *Lip*.
 This, learns *Love Letters* to indict,
 And that, to cast up *Sighs*, and write.
 To multiply a *Lady's Graces*,
 And subtract *Blemishes* from *Faces*.
 Some taught to sing, and some to play;
 With *Fingers*, or with *Breath* to slay.
 Some studdy, how with *Frowns* to crush,
 With pointed *Glances* how to push,
 And when, and where, and how to blush;
 How ev'ry *Look*, and *Glance*, to watch,
 And place the *High*, or *Low Church Patch*.
 There one is taught the *Fan* to wield,
 And spread it o'er the *Eyes* (like *Shield*)
 That, from behind that *Paper Sconce*,
 She may both ward, and wound at once;
 And, there entrench'd, with subtle *Leer*,
 To pop and kill, as nothing were.

Others are taught to make *Approaches*
 With *Perriwigs* and gaudy *Coaches*,
 To swear they die, and woo their *Dames*.
 With *Madrigals*, and *Anagrams*.
 To admire a *Petticoat*, or *Lace*,
 And call a *Pimple* a good *Grace*.

Some learn to storm a *Heart* by force,
 Compell'd to yield for *better*, or *worse*.
 Some taught to dwindle in to *Cullies*,
 And some to swell themselves to *Bullies*,
 To sue their *Dames* with *Rodomantads*,
 To boast of *Battles*, and done *Deeds*,
 Of *Sieges*, *Blood*, and *Saracens Heads*.
 In fine, the're taught all *Arts* of *Wooing*,
 Of *Billing*, *Kissing*, *Cuttery-cooing*,
 Of *Cheating*, *Bilking*, and *Undoing*.

Quoth *Jove*, I beg, at least, this *Day*,
 The *Youngsters* may have *Leave* to play,
 To rore, and revel thro' the *Court*,
 And shew the *Deities* some *Sport*.

Then streight, the little *Wantons*, all,
 Dismiss'd from *School*, flew to the *Hall*,
 And to great *Jove* did *GRATIAS* call.

Then you might see them sit astride,
 And on *Jove's* pinion'd *Eagle* ride.
 Some did on *Doves* of *Venus* rear,
 And goad them on with *Mars's* *Spear*.
 Others on *Mars's* *Saddle* got,
 And rid his prancing *Steed* to' a *Trot*.

On any *Day*, but this, it wou'd
 Have vext Old *Vulcan*, to the *Blood*,
 To see his, *Hammers*, *Anvil*, *Vice*,
 That us'd to make *Bolts* for the *Skies*,
 And beat out *Clubs* for *Hercules*;
 That made the *Sword* which *Mars* did wield,
 His *Head-Piece*, *Breast-Plate*, and his *Shield*,

To see them turn'd to making *Ginns*,
Tops, *Nutcracks*, *Scoops*, and *Darts* and *Pins*.
Jove laugh'd, and even burst aunder,
 To see his *Lightning* and his *Thunder*
 Now handl'd by the *Lads* in *Bibs*,
 And turn'd to *Crackers*, and to *Squibs*.
 Whilst *Jav'ling*, *Lance*, and *Sword* of *Mars*,
 Were each turn'd to a *Hobby-Horse*.

Thus did the *Boys*, their *Arts* display
 Thus did the *Godheads* pass the *Day*
 In jolly *Bowls*, and *Mirth*, away.

Then, *WITHERS*, (for some *Jovial Hours*)
 Depose thy *Fasces*, and thy *Powers*,
 Dismiss thy *Boys*, from *School* and *Rods*
 And imitate th' *Immortal Gods*.

ELIZA Playing upon the Spinnet.

S O N G.

I.

THO' fair *Eliza*, to conceal
 The charming *Beauties* of her *Eyes*
 Turns to her *Spinnet*, yet we feel,
 The fair *Eliza* can surprise.

II.

She can her *Lans* on us impole,
 And triumph, when she does retreat;
 As *Parthians* seem to fly their *Foes*,
 The surer *Conquest* to compleat.

III.

If in her blooming *Looks*, sh^e appears,
 She, thro' the *Eyes* attacks the *Hearts*,
 But, when she *Plays*, she wounds the *Ears*,
 And ev'ry *Finger* turns a *Dart*.

IV.

The list'ning *Captives* round her stand,
 And, whilst each tuneful *Touch* th' admire,
 They own the *Conquest* of her *Hand*,
 And yield themselves to *Chains* of *Wyre*.

But, if some hardy *Rebel's* Choice
 Bids a *Defiance* to the *Strings*;
 Let but *Eliza* raise her *Voice*;
 She gives no *Quarter* when she *sings*.

To the same young Lady,

Upon my finding *Two Queen Anne's Guineas*
 in my *Snuff-Box*, after She had borrow'd
 it for a *Pinch* of *Snuff*.

E X T E M P O R E.

NOW I'm convinc'd, what *Bards* of old have
 sung,
 The *World* from *Harmony*, and *Numbers* sprung.
 The mighty *Hand*, that bid the well-tun'd *Spheres*,
 In *Time* and *Consort* measure out the *Years*,
 Did, from their *Chaos*, scatter'd *Atoms* call,
 Just touch'd the *Dust*, and form'd the *World's* great
Ball,

So fair *Eliza*, who to silent *Wyre*,
 Can *Consort* give, and tuneful *Notes* inspire;
 With the same *Fingers*, if she please, can mold,
 And make rude *Atoms* burnish into *Gold*.
 The yellow *Powder*, when *HER Fingers* press,
 Assume both *Lustre*, and Great *ANNA's* Face.

The O M E N.

*Upon the suddain Ceasing of the Rain and
 Thunder, just when Mr. --- and his
 Bride were taking Coach to go to Church
 the first Sunday after their Marriage.*

GO, happy *Pair*! and to the bounteous *Skies*,
 Offer your *Hearts* a grateful *Sacrifice*.
 For, tho' you're blessed in each others *Love*,
 You still consider, there's a *Heav'n* above:
 A *Heav'n*! which will reward your pious *Cares*,
 And show'r down *Joy*s and *Favours* on your
Pray'rs,
Health, *Friendship*, *Love*, with *Plenty*, *Peace* and
Heirs.

And, lo! 'tis granted — for the *Gods* I saw,
 Bid *Winds* be silent, and the *Clouds* withdraw;
 That no rude *Storms*, or *Gusts*, might interpose
 Betwixt the list'ning *Heav'ns*, and your *Vows*.

To such two *Hearts*, join'd in one Sacrifice,
 The conquer'd *Deity* no Grant denies :
 I saw the *Ray* descend, I saw the *Vows* arise.

Rejoice, now *WHEATLY*, and prepare—they come,
 With fruitful *Gifts* to fill thy spacious *Dome*;
 New *Jays*, new *Blessings* shall thy Walls adorn,
 And, from this *Day*, an *Infant* shall be born;
 His *Grandfir's Darling*, and his *Father's Charge*,
 Like *this*, a *B—n*, and like *that*, a *George*.

So when some *Roman Worthies* had obtain'd,
 Their *Heroines*, and all their *Wishes* gain'd ;
 To *Hymen's Temple* they, in triumph went,
 And pious *Fames* were to his *Nostrills* sent.

He bless'd the genial *Torch*, and fan'd the *Flame*,
 And, thence, a *Cesar*, or *Augustus* came.

Damon's Answer to Cloe.

By C. W.

I.
OF all the mighty *Pow'rs* above,
 First *Damon* su'd to that of *Love*,
 And, fondly, beg'd a *Nymph* to find,
 Both *Fair*, and *Constant*, to his *Mind*.

The little God, with waggish Ear,
 Heard all, but granted *Half* the Pray'r.
 A fair Inconstant, Damon found;
 She chain'd him fast, then left him bound.

II.

In Hopes his Freedom to retrieve,
 Since charming Cloe could deceive,
 Young Damon Bacchus, next, address'd,
 And pray'd to drive her from his Breast.
 The jolly God the Dose apply'd,
 But Damon's Love its Force defy'd:
 The more he drunk, the more he found,
 That Wine inflam'd, not heal'd his Wound.

III.

To Phœbus, then, he thus complains:
 With Musicks Charms unbind my Chains,
 Or make my Cloe faithful prove;
 For what can Love reward, but Love?
 But, in soft Notes, he try'd, in vain,
 To ease his Mind, and sooth his Pain,
 For when the Swain his Lyre had strung,
 He thought on Cloe, whilst he sung.

IV.

At last young Damon try'd if Mars,
 Would take his Love, or Life, in Wars;
 But, on the March, and in the Fight,
 False Cloe's ever in his Sight.
 With fetter'd Heart, what can he do?
 His Body's made a Captive too.
 Thus doubly bound, he makes his Moan,
 And begs Relief of HER alone.

V.

Call me not false because I strove,
 To cure my own, or fix thy Love.

Ceas.

Cease to be jealous of three Gods,
 Since, still, in spite of all the Odds
 My Cloe's Charms more pow'rful prove,
 Than all the Deities above.
 Your Chains, with Pleasure, let me wear,
 However those of State I bear.

T U N E.

Ah — a — a — a — ray

On ambro Ray

O — an O Derry

He an hi derry

oo — — — — o

a derry, derry Derry a boo ray

The Narrative, or, Beauty's Prize.

Upon a Lady of Quality, who was oblig'd
 to quit the Chace, by a sudden Shower
 of Snow.

When the great Prize of Beauty to decide,
 Did, into Parties, all the Gods divide;
 And the three Deities, the Judge to move,
 Offer'd the Gifts of Empire, Wisdom, Love,
 Paris, suspended in a doubtful Pause,
 Did long the Bribes survey, and long the Cause;
 Perplex'd, and puzl'd, e'er the Case was heard:
 So! much is Justice byass'd by Reward!

At

At last *Diana*, 'midst the Gods arose,
To end the *Discord*, and the *Strife* compose.
Behold, says she, the *Honours* of my *Field*
And the just *Premium* to my *N—k* yield.

The noble *Heroine*, from *Cares* withdrawn,
That Day, pursu'd her Pleasures o'er the *Lawn*.
Calm was the *Morning*, and the *Skies* serene,
And all things shining, like her *self* were seen.
Urg'd, by her *Hand*, the pressing *Steed* did bound,
And, wing'd with *Pride*, scarce seem'd to touch the
Ground.

Unfolded *Tresses* round her *Shoulders* play'd,
And *Crimson Plumes* adorn'd the graceful *Head*.
Before the *Hounds* the tim'rous *Quarry* flew;
Those in full Cry, the *Hare*, in open View;
Whilst both their *Musick*, and her *speedy Flight*,
At once the *Ears* diverted, and the *Sight*.

Such was the *Nymph*! and so engag'd in *Sport*!
When by *Diana* tender'd to the *Court*.

Then the pretending *Goddeses* look'd down,
And blush'd, to see their *Deities* outdone.
With *Shame* suffus'd, and *Envy* in their *Eyes*,
To see their *Virtues*, here, without their *Vice*.
Venus her *Beauty*, *Juno* her *Grandure* spy'd,
That, without *Folly*, and *This*, void of *Pride*.
Pallas the *Plume* admir'd, and *Manly Dress*,
With all the *Sweetness* of a *Female Face*.
And, whilst the *Judge*, determin'd now, prepar'd
To give the *Heroine* her just *Reward*;
Great *Jove*, grown jealous, lest the *Heav'nly Prize*
Should be attributed to human *Eys*,
A *Snowy CURTAIN* drew 'twixt her and *Heav'n*
And, so, the *Premium* was to *Venus* giv'n.

Upon a Cravat Flourish'd by
Mrs. -----

WHEN *Mira* casts around her conquering Eyes,
A thousand *Victims* fall a Sacrifice;
No Bounds her *Charms* acknowledge but her *Will*,
And, wherefoe'er she darts a Look, can kill.

Why should she, then, new *Artifices* find,
T' extend her *Pow'r*, and vanquish human Kind?
Cannot the pointed Rayes, shot from her *Eyes*,
Her graceful *Person*, and her *Mien* suffice?
But she must triumph in acquired *Art*,
And turn her very *NEEDLE* to a *Dart*.

Now, all those *Hearts*, that durst her *Charms*
withstand,
Must yield, when storm'd, and taken, *SWORD* in
Hand:

And *such* (if such there are) that miss'd her *Eye*,
Must now, by this unerring *Weapon*, Die.
So the skill'd *Poacher*, first the *Covey* sets,
Then *shoots* the *Partridge* that escap'd his *Nets*.

Let other *Beauties* all their *Stores* unfold,
Their silver *Ribbons*, and their *Chains* of *Gold*,
The *Harvest* will not recompence their *Care*,
SHEE reaps the *Wheat*, they only glean the *Tare*.

Some

Some small *Excursions* they, perchance, may make,
 Raise Contributions, or some Hostage take,
 But SHEE the *Towns* invests, and thro' the *Lines*
 do's break.

For who defiance bids, or safe remains,
 When *Muslin* binds, and *Threads* are turn'd to
 Chains.

But *Threads*, nor *Muslin*, could our Hearts command
 Unless conducted by fair MIRA's Hand.

Let but Her Fingers guide the slender *Thread*,
 And Men are willingly to *Bondage* led.
 Thus bungling Anglers, *Dace* and *Chab* can kill,
 With clumsy Line, a floating Cork and Quill!
 But it requires a Master's Art and Care,
 To rob the Waters with a single Hair.

When from the Wars *Penthesilea* came,
 Loaded with Trophies and acquired Fame,
 The haughty QUEEN, behind her Chariot brought
Kings, she had conquer'd, *Nations*, she had fought
 Naked, and chain'd, thro' gaping Crowds the
 thrust,
 And, only, cover'd were with Shame and Dust;
 Faintly they lagg'd, behind her gilded Coach,
 The People's Laughter, and their own Reproach.

But the glad Slaves that wait in MIRA's Train,
 Tho' *Captives* led, yet triumph in the Chain.
 With Joy submit Her grateful Yoke to bear,
 And round their Necks the Marks of *Bondage* wear
 So the proud *Negro* (conscious of no Shame)
 Struts, in his *Plumes*, behind his beauteous Dame
 Each Look he watcheth, runs at ev'ry Beck,
 And glories in the Collar round his Neck.

For Shame, Ye beauteous Nymphs, for Shame,
unite

Assert your Liberties, and curb her Might;
shall *she*, each Day, her Monarchy distend,
invade each Lover, and subdue each Friend;
have we, so long, 'gainst boundless Empire
fought,

and a long look'd for Peace so dearly bought?
and from their Conquests, shall our Hero's come,
to find a more despotick Pow'r at Home?
Then, all the Ensignes of your Sex display,
and draw your Squadrons out, in bright Array;
er universal Monarchy restrain,
restore the Ballance, and your Towns regain.
~~ut ——— vain I talk ——— the Planets may~~

assoon

ite to pull the the glorious *Phabus* down.

'Tis WE (unwilling to be eas'd) support
er *Acquisitions*, and maintain her Court:
like *Turkish* Slaves, submissively we wait,
and pawn *Our Liberties*, to make *Her* great.
ent on our Fate, like daz'd *Moths*, we fly,
z in the *Flame*, until we sink, and die.
ur brightest Beams, are but like Stars by Night;
at *Mira*, tho' she's scorching, she is bright;
d, Men will rather burn, than want her Light.
or will she, e'er, her lasting Pow'r resign,
t when she'll please to let her DAUGHTERS
shine.

H

They

They, they, alone, are able to succeed,
 To share her Empire, and preserve the Breed,
 So Theodosius when he long had sway'd,
 And the whole Globe had Homage to him pay'd,
 With Regal Purple did his Sons invest;
 Bid ~~own~~ the ~~Obsequies~~ command, the ~~Other~~, rule the

WEST.

and a long look'd for Peace to hastily bought;
 and from their Country, shall our Hosts come;
 to find a more despoil'd Port at Home;
 then, all the Emblems of your Sex display;
 and draw your ~~spacious~~ out, in bright Array;
 at universal Monarchy restrain;
 restore the Ballance, and your Towns regain.
~~again I tell the Planets may~~

alloon

will to pull the glorious Plumes down.

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et. Admiration, and maintain her Court;

the Turkish Slaves, submissively we wait,

and payn Our Ambition, to make the great

on our Part, like daz'd Mice, we fly,

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our brightest Beams are but the stars by Night;

Men, tho' the storking, the is bright;

Men will rather die, than win her Right;

will the eye, her lasting Power resign,

when they please to let her D and H

shine

Two

H

Postscript.

I Need not make any Apology for publishing these Ballads and other Poems, since my Friends, at least, must be sensible, they are sent into the Streets for the Benefit of my self, and my Fellow Prisoners.

If I would have been at the Expence, and Trouble, to have sent into the Country to hunt out these several Ballads and Poems, which I have formerly writ, as Occasions offer'd, I could have retriev'd some Verses, which were writ, when I had both more Fire, and Fasty, to supply the Materials, and more Liberty, and less Noise, to compile them together.

(52)
But, since these, I have now publish'd, are sent a-begging, I am not solicitous for those, amongst them, which are my own; because Rags and Deformities move Compassion on, and there is more to be got by shewing a Monster, than the handsomest Creature upon the Face of the Earth.

I take this Opportunity, to return ten Thousand Thanks to those Persons of Quality and Others, who have been so generously candid to the Translation of St. Cyprian; And I must beg Pardon of those Ladies, whose Verses I have here presum'd to insert amongst mine: For, how defective soever Age and Dullness have made me, in the most substantial Parts of a Poet, I retain, at least that of Vanity; and, since we aim chiefly to please that *Beauteous* and *Witty Sex*, we cannot but be fondest

deft of those Compliments, which
come from *Tbence*.

But, befide the Honour, I had an
Interest in it; like some Beggars,
I have known, who borrow'd the
Children of the Unneedy, to in-
crease their own Number, and be-
come more fucceffful at a Funeral
Dole.

F I N I S.

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